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## THE MAORIS' FIGHT FOR LIFE.

BY A NEW ZEALANDER.

AN absorbing struggle is going on in New Zealand at present—a struggle of life and death to a gallant and interesting people. The Maoris are apparently making a last stand for existence. Like all savage peoples, they have hitherto been 'melting away' at the approach of the whites, until now it is believed they number barely forty thousand throughout the entire colony; whereas in 1835, before English colonisation had commenced in earnest, careful observers estimated that nearly two hundred thousand natives ranged the woods and navigated the rivers and seas of the colony. Captain Cook, probably less accurately, placed his estimate at four hundred thousand. Certain it is that from the time we have first known them, the Maoris, like the Kanakas of the South Sea Islands and the Red Indians of North America, have gone on steadily and even rapidly diminishing in numbers. Just now there is reason to hope that this process of extinction has received a check, and the race seems gathering together all its energies to make one last struggle for existence. Will it be successful?

In the first place, let us glance at the causes leading to the extinction of the aboriginals of New Zealand. These have been very ably set forth in a paper read before the Wellington Philosophical Society by Dr Newman, President of the Society. This gentleman is of opinion that the Maoris were a disappearing race before the English came to New Zealand. One of the principal causes is the natural sterility of the people. While the birth-rate among the European inhabitants of New Zealand is the highest in the world, and while the prolificness of animal life generally in this fertile land is a matter of constant wonder to the naturalist, a birth in a Maori family is, as a rule, of less frequent occurrence than a death; and the absence of children in the native villages is absolutely startling to those

who have just seen the troops of rosy-cheeked youngsters that swarm in the European towns. There are various causes for this unfruitfulness of the race; but the principal source assigned by the writer I have quoted is intermarrying, the Maoris being nearly always married either in their own or some nearly adjacent tribe. The rate of mortality, also, is considerably higher among Maoris than with Europeans, consumption being responsible for the greatest ravages in their ranks. The Maoris, who formerly lived in lofty, well-aired, and well-drained hill-forts, now dwell on the oozy soil of the valleys, where the air is stagnant and moisture-laden, while their *whares* or huts are close and unventilated—forming, in fact, hotbeds of lung disease and rheumatism.

Dr Ginders, the medical officer at the government sanatorium at Rotorua, which is situated in the middle of a large native district, gives, in a Report recently presented to parliament, a graphic and at the same time horrifying account of 'How the Maoris live.' Referring to their sleeping-huts, he says: 'Being curious to know something of these hotbeds of disease, I entered one at seven A.M. before the occupants had turned out. I have no wish to repeat the experience. This was quite a small family affair, fifteen feet long by ten feet wide. It contained twenty individuals of both sexes and all ages, who had spent the night—say ten hours—in it. The cubic air-space per head was about such as would be afforded by a comfortable full-sized coffin. How they can exist under such circumstances is one of the mysteries of Maori nature. Fortunately for them, these sleeping-places are built of pervious material, through which the outer air must filter, and all the more rapidly from the fact of the great difference of temperature between the external and internal air.'

After reading this extract, most people will be inclined to say that it is not necessary to look any further for the cause of the gradual dying out of the Maoris. It is some satisfaction to reflect that the imported diseases and vices are

playing only a minor part in decimating the race. Of the diseases introduced by Europeans, typhoid and measles seem to have been the most destructive, especially the former. The only imported vice, according to Dr Newman, that has in the least degree helped to hasten the disappearance of the race is drunkenness. The mortality among children, from the neglect or ignorance of parents and the insanitary conditions in which they live, is appalling, and until something can be done to check it, any hope of preserving the race must of course be abandoned. The advent of Europeans has undoubtedly brought with it many causes likely to operate unfavourably on their dark-skinned brethren. Some of these have already been mentioned, drink unquestionably occupying a bad pre-eminence.

There is also no doubt among medical men that a partial adoption of European habits and customs, accompanied by a retention of various features in their barbarous mode of living, is the cause of much sickness and even mortality. Dr Newman points out one very characteristic fact: formerly, when the natives entered their *whares* with their wet mats on, they flung them aside; now, when they get wet in their European clothing, they keep it on, thus laying the foundation of many diseases. On the other hand, civilisation has introduced undoubted benefits. For example, the Maoris formerly subsisted on fern-root and such hard fare, and found that difficult to get at times. Now, they have an abundance of wholesome food, and can live in comfort on the revenue derived from their lands, if they do not spend their money in debauchery. As the result of the labours of the West Coast Royal Commission, for instance, every native in the confiscated territory in the North Island who has any right to be there, now has an interest in some reserve or other which will provide him with a settled homestead and the means of maintenance, and in many cases a considerable pecuniary income besides. Naturally, in not a few instances these material advantages are demoralising to the Maoris, who, when able to live in independence and luxury, will not work.

Many of them, however, especially on the east coast and in the north, are devoting themselves industriously to such occupations as sheep-farming, maize-planting, tobacco-growing, &c. I read, in the Reports of the native officers, that one tribe started farming with a flock of four thousand sheep, and divided the year's profits, which actually amounted to seven hundred pounds. Another party of natives did better still at whale-fishing, securing spoil from the deep to the extent of two thousand six hundred pounds.

Among all the elevating influences brought to bear upon the Maoris, the means of education appears to be the most promising; and if they succeed in avoiding the fate of extinction, to which so many savage tribes seem doomed when brought in contact with a higher civilisation, education will be the chief agent in bringing about the happy result. With the advance of education, it may reasonably be hoped that the Maoris—who are naturally a very receptive people—may be brought to see the evils of consanguineous marriages, to adopt more rational sanitary measures both as regards their children

and themselves. At present, they have very erroneous and mischievous ideas of disease. When an epidemic of typhoid fever broke out among some of them recently, they were utterly regardless of the danger of infection, and ridiculed the idea of taking any precautionary measures to prevent the spread of the disease, saying it was not fever, but simply a Maori complaint brought on by *makutu* or witchcraft. When a native is attacked by illness, he frequently succumbs through sheer fright. It may easily be imagined how these facts increase the mortality of the race, and what improvement may be effected in these respects by the advancement of education.

It is satisfactory to note that the government are alive to the importance of the subject. According to a recent official Return, it appears that there were sixty-nine native schools in full working order, and over two thousand Maori children receiving the elements of a good English education. The great advantage of these schools, it has been very well pointed out, is not so much that the young people learn to speak the English language, but that they learn to appreciate our customs, to value time, and to gain a desire for improvement, both mental and social, which, doubtless, they will transmit to their descendants, who will then become fitted to hold a fair position in the future. The natives generally appear to be alive to these facts, and not only send their children to the schools, but give sites for school-buildings, and show their interest in the movement in other ways. They elect their School Committees in the same way that the Europeans do, and on the whole do the work very well.

The Blue Ribbon movement appears to have taken a singularly firm hold among the race. The so-called 'king' himself donned the badge with great ceremony at the solicitation of Sir George Grey, before leaving for England in 1884; and in every village are to be seen numbers of the young Maori 'braves' wearing the 'bit of blue' as among the most cherished of their decorations.

The outlook, then, as regards the conflict in which the race is at present engaged, is so far satisfactory. The question will, however, naturally be asked, whether the beneficial effects of the educative process are permanent, or whether, after the Maoris leave school, they relapse into their old habits and customs. The savage nature, we know, is very apt to reassert itself. Miss Bird tells us how the Ainos of Japan educated at Tokiō relapsed into barbarism on returning to their own people, retaining nothing but a knowledge of the Japanese language. Another writer recounts how an Indian girl, one of the most orderly of the pupils at a lady's school, has been known, on feeling herself aggrieved, to withdraw to her room, let down her back hair, paint her face, and howl. Something of the sort, it must be confessed, is not altogether unknown in New Zealand. I once went to see a Maori *haka* or dance, interesting in its way, but not more edifying than native dances usually are. To my amazement, I saw among the performers a young lady whom I had known as a well-educated Maori girl, living in good circumstances, possessing excellent taste

in dress, and who had been in the habit of taking her place with advantage in European ballrooms. On this occasion her costume, although not more décolletée than European evening dress frequently is, would have created considerable sensation in an English gathering, consisting as it did simply of a loose calico gown. A very handsome, well-informed half-caste, one of the most lady-like persons I ever met, once confessed to me that she could never look on at a Maori *tangi* or wake without feeling an irresistible inclination to rush in and tear her hair and howl like the rest. In fact, she admitted that she had to leave such scenes, or her emotions might have become too strong for her self-control. Again, I shall not soon forget the surprise created, a few years ago, when one of the most promising young Maoris in Wellington, who had been brought up with Europeans from childhood, who was being educated for a barrister, and who promised to be one of the ornaments of the profession, suddenly disappeared, and was next heard of as having flung off his European clothes and joined the fanatical followers of a half-demented Maori prophet known as Te Whiti. No inducements could prevail on him to return to civilisation, and he became one of the most devoted and credulous of the prophet's adherents.

These, however, are exceptions, and not the rule. We have Maori members both of the Upper and Lower House who are a pattern to some other legislators in many respects, and can take their place in any European society. We have Maori clergymen both Anglican and Wesleyan who appear to make pastors of the most exemplary kind. There is as yet no Maori lawyer in practice, but some native lads are being trained in solicitors' offices, and there is every prospect of their naturally keen wits enabling them to take a good position in the profession. So far as I am aware, they are not ambitious of becoming doctors; and some malicious people may be cruel enough to suggest that as regards the longevity of the race this is rather an advantage than otherwise.

Some of them are being trained to trades; and it is suggested by the organising inspector that every boy, after he has gone through the village school course, should, if his parents wish it, be apprenticed to some trade by the government, so as to insure his obtaining a proper industrial training. With the Maoris grounded in a proper knowledge of social and sanitary laws, with their moral and intellectual instincts properly guided and cultivated, there seems yet to be a hope that the prophecy so often made, that the race must speedily die out, may be falsified. This is the opinion of a medical man to whom I have already referred. In his Report to the native Minister, Dr Ginders, after mentioning the prevalent diseases among the Maoris, says: 'In my opinion, the production, and severity, and the spread of these diseases are determined by two main factors: first, the influence of the *wharepuni* (sleeping-hut), and secondly, the consumption of putrid food. Compared with these two gigantic evils, alcohol is nowhere. Were there no *wharepunis*, I believe the Maori would be a successful rival of his European neighbour in sobriety and industry; but with his blood vitiated by the foul air of these hotbeds of disease,

he has neither strength nor inclination to work, and it would be odd, indeed, if he had no craving for stimulants. I am inclined to credit the *wharepuni* with more than half the infant mortality. Not only is the child injured directly by this devitalising influence, but indirectly through the mother, whose milk is diminished in quantity and impoverished in quality by the same cause. I believe the growing intelligence of the rising generation of Maoris has already checked the rapid decadence of the race. I believe, too, that these evils will gradually die out, and we shall find the native population increasing *pari passu*.'

New Zealand at the present time, it will be seen, has a grand opportunity for assisting in the achievement of a civilising feat which, if successful, will go very far to confute those pessimists who declare that our modern civilisation is a delusion and a snare, utterly destructive to the weaker races with whom it is brought in contact.

## BY ORDER OF THE LEAGUE.

### CHAPTER VIII.

THE first act in the drama was about to be played—the puppets all arranged, all acting for themselves, never heeding the hand of fate in it. Hector le Gautier triumphant, but troubled occasionally by the loss of his device, yet trusting to his own good fortune and matchless audacity to pull him through.

The curious in such matters, the idle folks who dream and speculate, had food for reflection in their *Times* next morning, for on the front sheet on the second column appeared an announcement. It was vague; but one man understood it. It ran:

MOIDORE.—How reckless of you to throw away a life on the hazard of a die. They are all safe but yours. Where is that? In two months you will have to deliver, and then beware of the wrath of the Crimson Nine. It is not too late yet. Under the clock at C. x at nine—any night. Use the sign, and good will come of it.—EASTERN EAGLE.

The *Times* containing this announcement lay upon Isodore's breakfast-table in Ventnor Street, Fitzroy Square. As it rested upon the table, the words were readable, and Isodore smiled when they caught her eye as she entered. She took up an album from a side-table and turned over the leaves till she came to the portrait of a pretty dark girl of about seventeen. At this she looked long and intently, and then turned to scrutinise her features in the glass. There was nothing coquettish about this—no suspicion of womanly vanity, but rather the air of one who strives to find some likeness. Apparently the examination pleased her, for she smiled again—not a pleasant smile, this time, but one of certainty, almost cruelty; and a vengeful look made the eyes hard for a moment.

She turned to the photograph again, and then once more back to the mirror, as if to be absolutely certain of her convictions, that there might be no mistake.

While absorbed thus, Valerie le Gautier

entered the room and looked at Isodore in astonishment. 'You have a grand excuse,' she said archly, 'though I did not know that vanity was one of your failings, Isodore.'

Isodore blushed never so faintly, not so much by being taken in the little act, as by the appearance of the thing. 'It is not on any account of mine,' she said; 'rather, on yours.—Valerie, look here carefully and tell me if you know that face.' She indicated the portrait in the album; and her friend looked at it earnestly.

After a few moments she looked up, shaking her head doubtfully. 'No,' she replied. 'It is a strange face entirely to me.'

'Then I have altered since that was taken five years ago.'

'Is it possible that innocent, childish-looking face could have once been you?' Valerie asked in unfeigned astonishment.

'Indeed, it is. There is nothing like sorrow and hardship to alter the expression of features, especially of women. Yes, Valerie, that is what I was when I met him. You would not have known me?'

'No, indeed. They might be two different faces.'

'So much the better for me—so much the worse for him,' Isodore observed without the slightest tinge of passion in her tones.—'Read that paragraph in the *Times*, and see if you can make anything of it.'

'It is Greek to me,' Valerie replied, when she had perused the advertisement with a puzzled air.

'Has it any allusion to my—to Hector?'

'To your husband? Yes. He will understand it in a moment, and only be too eager to regain his insignia. There will be a happy union of two loving hearts some night in Charing Cross Station. Little will the spectators know of the passions running riot there.' She laughed bitterly as she said these words, and threw the paper upon the table again. She was in a strange mood this morning.

'Then I suppose that C. x means Charing Cross?' Valerie asked, 'and you expect Hector to come there?—I do not quite comprehend your plan, Isodore. It will be dangerous to have another in the secret, and I suppose some one will have to meet him.'

'Some one will,' was the calm reply. 'And who, do you think, is the proper one to do that? Who better than his old friend and once passionate admirer, Isodore?'

'You meet him?' Valerie cried. 'How daring! Suppose he should recognise you, how then? All your schemes would be thrown to the winds, and we should be defeated. It is madness!'

'You forget I have his badge of membership; besides, I have a duty to perform beyond my own feelings in the matter—my duty to the League. But he will not recognise me after the lapse of years, and I must get to the bottom of his traitorous designs.'

'You are reckoning upon certainties, Isodore. Suppose you are wrong—suppose he is, after all, no traitor, and that your ideas are only fancies. How then?'

'He is a traitor—instinct tells me that. Wait and see what Lucrece has to say, when she comes. She is sure to have gleaned some information by this time.'

Hot revenge is apt to burn itself out quickly, from its very fierceness; but such hate as this never dies. There was a cool deliberation in Isodore's words which struck her hearer with great force; and much as she herself had suffered, she could not realise a passion such as this. It is probable that had she met her recalcitrant husband, a few words would have obtained for him forgiveness; but she was under the spell now, and her weaker will was swallowed up in a strong one.

'Do you expect Lucrece this morning?' Valerie asked.

'I am expecting her every moment,' Isodore replied. 'She promised me to come to-day and let me have her report.'

They sat in silence for a few moments, when Lucrece entered. She was quietly, almost plainly dressed, and wore an air of extreme meekness.

'You look the character,' Isodore said approvingly. 'You might have been a menial all your lifetime.—I am all impatience. Begin!'

'In the first place,' Lucrece began without further preamble, 'I like my situation; and as to my new mistress, to know her is to love her. You have no idea how gentle and thoughtful she is. Now, to begin with her. The dear Hector has a rival, and a powerful one; his name is Frederick Maxwell, and he is an artist. From what I can see, they are engaged.—Isodore, this Maxwell has joined the League, and will be introduced by Salvarini.'

'Frederick Maxwell! Carlo's old friend! Poor fool! Le Gautier has tools enough.'

'He is a fine handsome Englishman; honour and honesty stamped in every line of his face; just the sort of man to be made useful.—But to continue. Le Gautier is *fami du famille*. He has a wonderful influence over Sir Geoffrey, and has succeeded in fascinating Enid—and she hates him notwithstanding. Isodore, Le Gautier is at his old spiritualistic tricks again.'

'Ah!—Tell me something of Sir Geoffrey.'

'I am coming to that. Last night, my mistress was out very late, not getting home till past one. It has been my habit to wait for her in the back dining-room, and last night I was sitting there in the dark, dozing. I was awakened by the entrance of Sir Geoffrey. I could see his face was ghastly pale, and he kept muttering to himself, and some words at intervals I caught. "I wonder if it was jugglery," I heard him say—"if it was some trick of Le Gautier's?—No; it could not be; and yet, if I am to have any peace, I must fulfil the compact—I must join this Brotherhood. And Enid, what will she say, when she knows? What will Maxwell think of me?—But perhaps Le Gautier is already married." I could not catch any more. What do you think of it?'

Isodore was following the speaker so intently, and so engrossed in her thoughts, that she did not reply for a moment. 'You can help us here, Valerie. Tell us what you think.'

'Lucrece is perfectly right,' Valerie replied. 'I have hitherto told you that my husband used to dabble in such things; nay, more, as a conjurer he was probably without a rival. He made a great reputation at Rome before the thing exploded; and indeed, to a weak mind, some of the séances were awe-inspiring.'



'It seems to me,' Isodore put in reflectively, 'that Le Gautier has worked upon Sir Geoffrey's superstitious fears till he has him bound fast enough. And you say he is to join the Brotherhood. Really, I begin to feel an admiration for the man I am pledged to destroy. It is clear that he has promised his daughter to Le Gautier. Is she weak?'

'On the contrary, though she is gentle and tractable, there is much determination of purpose underlying her gentleness.'

'You have done wonders in this short time, my sister. But do not relax your vigilance now; let nothing escape you that may be of use to us.'

'I must return,' Lucrece explained, looking at her watch, 'or I shall be missed. I will not fail to bring you such information as falls in my way from time to time.'

After she was gone, the women sat quietly for a time, each pondering over what they had heard. The information was not much; but it sufficed to show them in what way the influence over the weak baronet had been obtained, and every detail of Le Gautier's movement might be of use. A wild plan formed itself in Isodore's busy brain, as she sat thinking there. 'Why should it not be?' she thought.

'Do you think it would be possible for any one to love me?' she asked.

Valerie looked into the beautiful face and smiled. 'How otherwise?'

'Then it shall be so. Valerie, I am going to make Hector le Gautier love me as he never loved woman before!'

#### CHAPTER IX.

Hector le Gautier, all unconscious of the plot against his safety and peace of mind, sat over his breakfast the same morning. He was on remarkably good terms with himself, for all his plans were prospering, and for him the present outlook was a rosy one. His plans were well laid. He intended to keep his present position in the League, to go to Warsaw if necessary; and now that he had Sir Geoffrey in his hands beyond all hope of extrication, it was easy enough to send Maxwell upon some dangerous foreign mission, where, if he escaped with his life, he would henceforth be an outlaw and a fugitive. Sir Geoffrey, too, had bound himself to join; and with this lever, he could work upon Enid's fears to perfection.

He was in no hurry; he was far too consummate a rogue, too accomplished a schemer, to ruin the delicate combination by any premature move, preferring for the present to renew his forces and calculate his advance, as a chess-player might when he knows the game is in his hands. Then should come the crowning act, by which he should rid himself of the irksome chains which bound him to the League. All his plans were prepared for delivering the leaders into the hands of justice, always with a care to his own escape. As he turned these things over in his mind, he whistled a little air gaily, resumed his breakfast, and opened the broadsheet of the *Times* to see the news of the day.

Fortune seemed to be smiling upon him, he thought, as he read the mystic announcement

in the second outside column. Here was the thing which had caused him so much anxious thought as good as delivered again into his hands. Some friend, perhaps, had discovered his loss, and had determined to return it thus. Perhaps—and here he showed his white teeth in a dazzling smile—some fair one, who had taken this way to show her admiration; for Le Gautier was, like most vain men, a great admirer of the sex, and fully impressed with the all-conquering fascination of his manner. He was not the first clever man who has held such opinions, and found, when too late, the fatal error of underrating the power of an injured woman.

He perfectly understood the advertisement. It was not the first time that newspapers had been employed to do work for the League; nor did he hesitate to avail himself of this golden opportunity. He had scarcely finished his breakfast and made up his mind to meet the mysterious Eastern Eagle, when Salvarini entered. He was moody and preoccupied, with a sombre frown upon his face, telling of much inward uneasiness.

'I do not like these new arrangements,' he commenced abruptly, in answer to Le Gautier's florid greeting. 'There is great danger in them, and they cannot lead to any good results. I shall oppose them.'

'Pray, explain yourself, my good Luigi; I am in Cimmerian darkness,' Le Gautier replied carelessly. 'You are so dreadfully in earnest; absolutely, you view life through the gloomy spectacles of the League.'

'It is folly, madness!' Salvarini replied passionately. 'Heaven knows, we have had bloodshed enough. What do you think the last proposal is?—Nothing less than the removal of ministers: dynamite is to be the agent, and a special mission arranged to Rome. Visci—our dear old friend Visci—is doomed!'

'They must be mad,' Le Gautier returned calmly. 'But tell me, Luigi, what of Visci?' he continued, inspired by a sudden thought. 'I presume you have been holding a Council this morning. Visci used to be a friend of yours. How do they propose to get rid of him?'

'The dagger!' Salvarini answered with great agitation. 'Visci was once a friend of mine, as you say, and yours too, for that. Heaven save me from the task!'

'But why need it be you? We have new members, new blood as yet untried. Let them show their mettle now. There is no reason why we should always be in the van of battle. But why this sudden determination?'

'The old story,' Salvarini continued bitterly—'private grudges brought in; personal ends to be served where all should be of one accord, all striving for the good of the cause. I am heart-sick and weary of the whole affair. Is our path always to be defiled with innocent blood?'

'So long as I can keep my hands clean, it is nothing to me,' Le Gautier replied with a careless shrug; 'not that I hold with the present system.—But abandon your Cassandra vein, and be yourself for a moment. See what you think of that, and congratulate me upon a stroke of fortune I have not altogether deserved.'

'I congratulate you,' Salvarini grimly replied,

when he had perused the paragraph. 'You always contrive to fall upon your feet. Did I not tell you that night in the Kursaal you would hear of this again? Of course it is a woman. No man would have taken such trouble, especially if he happened to be a Brother,' he concluded with significant emphasis.

Le Gautier drew his fingers airily across his throat, intending by this little playful action to allude to his own sudden death. In his petty vanity, he was not altogether displeased that his friend should hint at a conquest.

'Undoubtedly from a woman,' he said. 'Mark the mystery and romance underlying it all. Some fair dame of the Order, perhaps, who has seen me only to become a victim to my numberless charms.—Luigi, my friend, this little affair promises amusement.'

'I might have known that,' Salvarini retorted with some little contempt. 'I believe you could be turned aside from the most pressing mission by a glance from a pair of melting eyes.—Bah! your thoughts run on such things to the detriment of the Order.'

'In such a charming situation as you mention, confusion to the Order!—Now, do not look so melodramatic! Pardieu! do you think a man should have no amusements? Now, as a penance, you shall bore me with the order of this morning's proceedings.'

'A woman will ruin you eventually.'—Le Gautier smiled; the sententious words read the wrong way.—'We had not much transaction this morning, save what I have told you, and the initiation of a few members.'

'Converts to the noble cause of freedom.—Any one I know?'

'Several. Do I understand it is your intention to introduce Sir Geoffrey in person?'

Le Gautier nodded assent; and the friends proceeded to discuss other matters connected with their mission. When Salvarini had left, long and earnestly did Le Gautier sit silently there. Then he rose, and taking a pack of cards from a drawer, began to cut and shuffle them rapidly. He dealt them round six times, bringing the knave of clubs on the same heap each time. He put the cards away; an evil smile was on his face.

'My right hand has not lost its cunning,' he muttered. 'Frederick Maxwell shall go to Rome, and—— Well, fate will do the rest.'

With this humane remark, he put on his hat, struggled into a pair of very tight-fitting gloves, and passed out from Hunter Street into the Euston Road; for it is almost needless to say that the house beyond Paddington where we last saw him was not his ordinary lodging, his abode being a much humbler one, as consisted with his limited means; for Hector le Gautier, though moving in good society, and always faultlessly attired, was not endowed with that wealth that smooths so many paths in this vale of tears. Like other men of his class, he contrived to keep his head above water, though how it was done was alike a mystery to himself and his friends.

It was past two as he turned into Grosvenor Square and up the broad flight of steps which led up to the Charteris' mansion. He had come here with more purposes than one: in the first place, to see Enid—this attraction a powerful one;

and secondly, to have a talk upon general matters with the baronet, and perhaps get an invitation to luncheon. Sir Geoffrey he found in the dining-room, just sitting down to his mid-day meal in solitary state; and in answer to an invitation to join, asked after Enid, who, he learned, had gone with Maxwell and a kindly chaperon to a morning-party at Twickenham. He was, however, too much a cosmopolitan to allow this to interfere with his appetite, so, with a few well-chosen words of regret, he settled himself quietly to his lunch, discussing in turn the weather, politics, the last new beauty, anything—waiting for his host to speak upon the subject nearest his heart. Sir Geoffrey's patience being by this time exhausted, he commenced.

'I think I am free, Le Gautier,' he said at length.

The listener affected not to comprehend this enigmatic remark.

'Free from what, Sir Geoffrey?' he asked carelessly. 'Is it gout, or headache, or a marvellous escape from dining with a notorious bore? Which of these things are you free from?'

'I was thinking of nothing so worldly,' was the serious reply. 'I allude to the marvellous manifestations recently vouchsafed to me. Since you so kindly showed me through yourself the path of duty, I have felt like a different man. They are gone, I trust for ever. Tell me, do you think there is any possible chance of their recurring?'

'So long as you fulfil your part of the contract, certainly not.—But, my dear Sir Geoffrey,' the Frenchman continued gaily, 'let us have no serious conversation now, I beseech you. Let us forget for the time we are anything but friends. I am too light and frivolous to talk seriously. The last new play, a fresh picture, anything but the supernatural.'

Despite this appearance of *bonhomie*, Le Gautier had no intention of changing the conversation, though it was not his cue to introduce the subject himself; besides, an appearance of good-naturedly yielding to the other's news seemed to tell better, and create a deeper feeling of obligation.

'The longer I put the matter off, the more difficult my task seems to be,' the baronet continued, not without hesitation. 'Certain restrictions were laid upon me, certain commands given, which I am bound to carry out. If you had heard the conversation, my task would be less difficult; but as you did not, I must do my best to explain.'

Le Gautier drummed with his fingers upon the table, shrugged his shoulders, and sighed gently, as a man yielding against his will upon the sacred ground of friendship, tempered with politeness.

'If you have anything to say, it is perhaps better to say it. But if it pains you, if it gives you the slightest mental agony or discloses family affairs, then, my dear sir, be dumb;' and the speaker glanced out of the window, as if he considered the matter settled.

'But I must tell you. It is impossible I can fulfil my promises without your assistance. In the first place, I am commanded to join your League or Brotherhood; and here, you see, I cannot get any further without your good advice and countenance.'

'You distress me,' Le Gautier replied mournfully. 'I wish that matter could have been settled without such a step being necessary. Our work, though a noble one, is attended at times with great hardship and danger. Think, my dear Sir Geoffrey—think if there is no middle course by which such an action may be avoided.'

The speaker created the impression he was most anxious to make. To the baronet, full of his scheme, this advice was unpalatable, the more that, like most spoilt, weak-minded men, he was intensely fond of his own way. He grew stubborn. Le Gautier was perfectly at ease as he studied the other's face.

'I see no middle course. The injunction was very strict. I dare not disobey, if I would. I must become a member of your League, whatever the danger may be; and if called upon, I must take my part in the work. Do you not remember the vision?'—

'You forget my state,' Le Gautier interrupted softly—'that during the time I heard nothing, comprehended nothing going on around me. My faculties for the time being were torpid.'

This adroit interruption only served to increase the baronet's uneasiness. He writhed in his chair, unable to continue.

'And there is another thing,' he stammered, 'which I must tell you, though I scarcely know how. I daresay you have noticed my daughter?'

'Is it possible to see her and not be conscious of her beauties!' Le Gautier cried—'to be in her presence and not feel the charm of her society! Ah! Sir Geoffrey,' he continued blandly, 'throwing out a strong hint, 'he will be a happy man who wins the treasure of her heart!'

At this helping of the lame dog over the stile, Sir Geoffrey looked grateful. 'Has she ever impressed you, Le Gautier?'

'Alas, yes,' was the melancholy reply, but with some feeling too, for, as far as he was concerned, the passion was genuine. 'Why should I strive to conceal my honest love? I may be poor and unknown, but I am at least a gentleman, and I offer the greatest compliment man can pay a woman—an ardent, loving heart.—But I am rambling; I dream, I rave! That I should aspire to an alliance with the House of Charters!'

The baronet was somewhat moved by this display of manly emotion, and, moreover, his pride was tickled. The young man evidently knew that what he aspired to was a high honour indeed.

'But, Sir Geoffrey,' he continued brokenly, 'you will not breathe a word of this to a soul! In a moment of passion, I have been led to divulge the master-passion of my life. Promise me you will forget it from this hour;' and saying these words, he stretched out a hand trembling with suppressed emotion to his host and friend. A good actor was lost to an admiring world here.

'But bless me!' Sir Geoffrey exclaimed, taken aback by this display, and, sooth to say, somewhat irritated that the necessary explanation must come from him after all, 'I want you to marry the girl.'

'Is it possible, or am I dreaming?' Le Gautier cried in a delirium of rapture. 'Do I hear aright? Oh, say these words again!'

Le Gautier was slightly overdoing the thing now, and Sir Geoffrey knew it. 'I mean what I say,' he added coldly. 'You are the man for Enid.'

'Who is talking about Enid?' asked a fresh clear voice at that moment, as the subject of discourse, accompanied by her escort, glided into the room. Le Gautier, in love as he was, thought he had never seen her look so fair as she did then, her face slightly tinged with colour, her eyes all aglow with pleasurable excitement. For a moment the conspirators were abashed, and it took all the Frenchman's cool equitable nerve to solve and explain what appeared to be a truly awkward question.

'When we are not with the rose, we love to talk of her,' he replied with one of these bold glances for which Maxwell longed to kick him on the spot.—'I trust you have spent a pleasant morning?'

Enid answered as coldly as the dictates of breeding would allow. The man's florid compliments were odious to her, and his presence oppressive. Le Gautier, accustomed to read men and faces like open books, did not fail to note this.

'I have important news,' he whispered to Maxwell, after he had made his graceful adieu to Enid and his host. 'I want to say a few words to you, if you happen to be walking my way.'

Maxwell answered with studious politeness. 'With pleasure,' he said. 'If you will allow me, I will drive you in my cab.'

Enid's quick ears caught the whisper, and a feeling of approaching evil seemed to come over her—a cloud passed over the sun, and, to her fancy, for a moment Le Gautier looked like Mephistopheles tempting Faust. As the two men passed out, she called Maxwell back. 'Be careful,' she urged. 'Beware of that man; he will do you a mischief.'

Maxwell smiled down in the pretty fearful face tenderly. 'All right, little woman,' he answered carelessly. 'I shall take care. He is not likely to do any harm to me.'

## NAPOLEON IN TOR BAY.

It is all but impossible to realise the scene of excitement which the calm blue waters of Tor Bay, crested with the bright sunshine of the summer of 1815, presented, when the Emperor Napoleon arrived on board the *Bellerophon*, soon to be transferred to the *Northumberland*, in which he was conveyed to St Helena. After the world-earthquake Waterloo, when the allies entered Paris, and the French army declared for Louis XVIII., Napoleon made his way to Rochefort, where he arrived on the 3d of July, and whence his attempts at escape were frustrated by the moonlight and the vigilance of the English cruisers. Two frigates had been placed at his disposal to facilitate his flight to America, and arrangements likewise made with a Danish smack which was to await him out at sea; but to reach her under the circumstances was deemed an attempt too hazardous. At last, on the 14th of July, Count Las Cases and General Allemand came on board the *Bellerophon*, then lying in the Basque Roads, with a proposal to Captain Maitland that he should receive Napoleon, who

desired to proceed to England for the purpose of throwing himself upon the generosity of the Prince Regent. Captain Maitland clearly explained that it was out of his power to grant terms of any sort, and that his instructions only permitted him to convey Napoleon and his attendants to England; on which understanding, the ex-Emperor, with his baggage, embarked the following morning on board a French brig, which conveyed them to the *Bellerophon*, where he was received with the honours due to a crowned head. On gaining the quarter-deck, the Emperor said in French to the captain: 'I am come, sir, to claim the protection of your Prince and of your laws.' In appearance he is described as about five and a half feet in height, strongly made, decidedly stout, with a sallow complexion, and dark-brown hair, as yet untouched with gray. He wore a green uniform coat with epaulets and a red collar, a broad red sash, star on the left breast, white waistcoat, boots and pantaloons, and a large cocked hat with the tricoloured cockade.

The passage, by reason of adverse winds, was slow, so that it was the 24th ere the *Bellerophon* arrived in Tor Bay, when Captain Maitland was signalled to stand out three leagues from shore, and there await further orders from the Admiralty. It is said that on first beholding the Devonshire coast, Napoleon could not conceal his admiration, exclaiming: 'At length here is this beautiful country! How much it resembles Porto Ferrajo, in Elba.'

No sooner was it known that the disturber of the peace of Europe, against whom they had so long and so sternly striven, was actually on board ship at anchor in Tor Bay, than from Dartmouth, Paignton, Dawlish, Teignmouth, and by-and-by from ports more distant still, the country-folk thronged in boats of every size and shape, struggling to approach the *Bellerophon* to catch a glimpse of the fallen Emperor. So inconvenient and dangerous was the crowding of these innumerable craft with their cargoes of sightseers, that it became necessary to order the *Bellerophon's* boats to row round the ship to keep them at a respectful distance. No fewer than a thousand boats daily put off from the shore; and Napoleon exhibited no little pleasure and amusement at the interest excited by his presence. From London and all parts of the country, people flocked down to Tor Bay during the time necessarily occupied in determining Napoleon's final destination, well pleased if they succeeded in catching an occasional glimpse of him as he walked backwards and forwards in the stern gallery with his hands behind him, or surveyed through an opera glass the varied texture of the crowd in the vessels below. As he paced the quarter-deck in conversation with one or other of his followers, he would frequently approach the ship's side and acknowledge the salutations of his visitors. Two or three French ladies, wives of members of the suite, dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion, were frequently seated on deck, with whom, as he paused in his walk and stooped to look through the ports at the vessels alongside, Napoleon would now and again exchange a word. At six o'clock the dinner-bell rang, when the Emperor with his attendants went

below, the sailors with great good-humour putting out a board on which was chalked, 'He's gone to dine.' He usually remained about half an hour, when another board announced his re-appearance on deck. It was about the 1st of August when his ultimate destination became known to him through the newspapers, and he was shortly afterwards observed at the cabin window tearing up papers, which he threw into the sea. Fragments of some of these, being seized upon as relics, turned out to be translations of speeches in the last session of parliament, and a letter addressed to the Empress Maria Louisa immediately after his abdication.

But of all the incidents which occurred while Napoleon was in Tor Bay, the most remarkable was a farewell visit paid him by a lady of foreign appearance and surpassing loveliness. Cloaked and veiled, to escape observation, she carried with her a bouquet of choicest flowers, peculiarly arranged in rows, which, when her boat arrived at a convenient distance from the *Bellerophon*, was despatched in charge of her servant. As the token of unchanged affection reached the quarter-deck, the lady was observed to raise her veil, disclosing features of exceeding beauty. At first, the bouquet seemed to awaken no memories in Napoleon's breast, but after a moment, he hastily approached the ship's side, and steadfastly gazing awhile on the fair form disclosed to view, he waved a last farewell.

On Wednesday the 2d of August, the *Bellerophon* and *Tonnant* sailed for Plymouth, where it had been intended that the transfer to the *Northumberland* should be carried out. But in consequence of the loss of life which occurred from the vast concourse of boats in the Sound, as well as to avoid a writ of habeas corpus, under which it was desired to obtain the evidence of Napoleon in a case at the time pending in the Queen's Bench, it was deemed advisable to return to Tor Bay, where, on Sunday the 6th of August, the three vessels (the *Northumberland* having meantime come round from Portsmouth) cast anchor. No sooner were the ships brought up, than Sir Henry Bunbury, accompanied by Mr Bathurst, proceeded on board the *Bellerophon*, and announced to the ex-Emperor the resolution of the cabinet, that he should be transported to St Helena, accompanied by four of his friends and twelve servants. The information was received without surprise; but in a speech of three-quarters of an hour's duration, delivered in a manner the most impressive, Napoleon protested against the determination which had been arrived at.

The same afternoon, Lord Keith and Sir George Cockburn proceeded in the admiral's yacht to the *Bellerophon*. Napoleon was on deck to receive them. After the usual salutations, Lord Keith addressed himself to Bonaparte, and acquainted him with his intended transfer to the *Northumberland* for passage to St Helena. After much expostulation, Napoleon finally refused to go; but upon Lord Keith expressing the hope that no coercion would be necessary to carry out the orders of government, he replied: 'O no, no! you command, I must obey! Only, recollect, I do not go of my own free-will.' He then formally handed to Lord Keith a written protest against his transportation to St Helena, in which



it was contended, that having come voluntarily on board the *Bellerophon*, he was the guest and not the prisoner of England. 'I appeal,' he concluded, 'to history, whether an enemy who comes deliberately in his misfortunes to seek an asylum under the protection of English law, can give a more convincing proof of his esteem and confidence. But how have the English answered such confidence and magnanimity; they pretended to extend a friendly hand to this enemy; and when he relied on their good faith, they sacrificed him.'

It was afterwards arranged that the transfer should take place the following morning (Monday) about eleven o'clock. Early next day, Sir George Cockburn superintended the inspection of the baggage, consisting of services and toilet sets of plate, several articles in gold, books, beds, &c., which were sent on board the *Northumberland*, four thousand gold napoleons being sealed up and detained. The baggage having been removed, the parting scene commenced, Napoleon handing to several of his officers a certificate of fidelity and good service. About eleven o'clock, the barge of the *Tonnant* proceeded to the *Bellerophon* to receive the fallen Emperor and those who were to be the partakers of his exile: General and Madame Bertrand with their children, Count and Countess Montholon and child, Count Las Cases, General Gourgaud, nine men and three women servants. At the last moment, Napoleon's surgeon refused to accompany him, whereupon the surgeon of the *Bellerophon*, Mr O'Meara, consented to supply his place. Shortly afterwards O'Meara was offered a salary of five hundred pounds per annum, but this he rejected, with the remark that the pay of his king was sufficient to satisfy him.

Before entering the barge which was to convey him to the *Northumberland*, Bonaparte addressed himself to Captain Maitland and the officers of the *Bellerophon*, not forgetting to take off his hat to them again after descending the ladder into the barge. It was about noon on the 7th of August when the barge of the *Tonnant* approached the starboard side of the *Northumberland*. Bertrand was the first to go over the side, and standing with his hat off, upright as a sentinel, announced his master. Napoleon instantly followed, and taking off his hat, remarked to Sir George Cockburn, who received him: 'Monsieur, je suis à vos ordres.' At once moving forward on the quarter-deck, he desired to be introduced to Captain Ross, who commanded the ship, a ceremony which was immediately performed, the guard of marines, drawn up on the port side, receiving the ex-Emperor with the compliment due to his rank as a general officer. To Lord Lowther and Mr Lyttleton, who stood near the admiral, Napoleon bowed and spoke a few words, remarking also to an artillery officer who was by, that he himself had originally served in that arm. The introduction to the eight lieutenants of the ship, not one of whom could speak a single word of French, was sufficiently ridiculous; they were drawn up in line on one side of the cabin; and after gazing and smiling for a moment on Napoleon, who, in his turn, gazed and smiled at them, they bowed and defiled before him out of the cabin door. The after-cabin on board

the *Northumberland* was not, as on the *Bellerophon*, the private room wherein Napoleon was not to be intruded upon by any unbidden guest, but was shared equally by the admiral and his friends; a small cabin being besides appropriated for the sole accommodation of the ex-Emperor, and elegantly furnished, the toilet being of silver, and the bed linen of exquisite fineness. The party were also permitted to supply themselves from shore with any articles they might desire wherewith to add to their comfort and amusement, a permission of which they availed themselves by purchasing a billiard-table, an immense supply of playing-cards, chessmen, &c., besides a number of the best books in the English language.

After waiting for the *Weymouth* storeship and some other vessels destined to complete the miniature squadron, the whole finally sailed out of Tor Bay on Friday the 11th of August; and Napoleon passed away from the shores of Europe to end his days in exile on a solitary rock in the Atlantic.

## GEORGE HANNAY'S LOVE AFFAIR.

### CHAPTER IV.—DISENCHANTMENT.

FORTUNE seemed to smile on Alfred's London enterprise. He called personally on the editors of several of the society magazines and journals. 'A Summer Ramble in Kirkeudbright' was now in all the glory of print; and when he assured the editors that he was really the 'Ariel' who penned the sketch, he found them willing, nay, anxious to look over the manuscripts he left with them. The letter from the *Olympic* accepting the manuscript and inclosing so handsome an honorarium was of great help to him. Mr Hannay had a reputation for 'discovering' talent, and his protégés hardly ever failed in taking some rank in the profession. He got four or five accepted at fairly remunerative prices. Then he was proposed at a minor literary club, and passed the ballot. As a new contributor to the *Olympic*, he ranked well there among his brother scribes, who looked on him as a rising man, and one whose good opinion was worth courting. These new friends indeed treated him with great cordiality, and made him as one of themselves; some even going the length of borrowing from him small sums of money.

Nor was this all. One of the members, the sub-editor of a Sunday paper, volunteered to introduce him to London 'society.' Behold our friend, then, at a grand reception at Mrs Judson's. This lady was the widow of a wealthy London pawnbroker (financial agent she preferred the lost one to be called). Her sole ambition in life was to secure a following of literary 'stars,' even if they were of infinitesimal magnitude; and in her circle, 'Ariel' appeared as one of the first. His handsome figure and genial manners constituted him a great favourite with the ladies; and his presence was eagerly sought for at all these little reunions which compose the 'fringe' of London literary and artistic society. He found this kind of life both pleasant and profitable; for he was brought in contact with many editors and proprietors of third and fourth rate periodicals,

and was able to dispose of half his rejected manuscripts among them, with fairly satisfactory pecuniary results to himself.

His banker now held one or two hundred pounds to his credit, and he began to look upon the success of his literary venture as *un fait accompli*. There was just one little thing that annoyed him: his newly found literary friends were extremely solicitous to know when his further productions would appear in the *Olympic*. This was a poser, for he had not the least idea himself. He got out of the difficulty, however, by saying that the principal editor being on the continent, there would be nothing definitely arranged until his return. As will be remembered, Nan's restrictions did not prevent him from contributing to the *Olympic* in his own name; so, immediately after his arrival in London, he set to work and wrote a sketch called 'Student Life in Brussels.' The manuscript was duly sent, and duly returned in a few days with a printed note indicating the editor's regret at being unable to make use of the paper. This was discouraging; but then he reflected that taste in literary things was very fickle; so he wrote a heavy article on Fair Trade, and sent it on; but the result was the same.

About this time, he heard that Mr Hannay had gone to St Petersburg with a friend to enjoy the winter festivities of the gay northern capital. As he was not expected home for two or three months, Alfred had a good excuse till then for the non-appearance of any further work of his in the *Olympic*. In the meantime he gave himself up to the charming gaieties and pleasant little dissipations of the circle that had made quite a lion of him. He rather liked the homage these people paid him; true, they were mentally his inferiors, he thought; but then they had money, position, and influence, and might be made useful to him in the future. He began to think—sometimes with a feeling bordering on regret—of his engagement to the innkeeper's daughter. How much better he could do now, if he were free! However, he would be true to his engagement. Only, Nan must be reasonable, and wait; at the end of two or three years, when his name was famous and his position thoroughly assured, he would marry her. To do so now would be extremely prejudicial to his interests, and must not be thought of for a moment. O no; she must wait patiently till it suited his convenience; and wouldn't she gladly do so? Of course, for wasn't the girl madly in love with him?

And what about Nan? Well, things were going on in their usual jog-trot course at Lochenbreck. The winter was their dull season, and she had plenty of time at her disposal, which she employed in sewing, reading, practising her music, and occasionally taking part in the quiet social gatherings of her country neighbours. She was, of course, delighted to hear of her lover's success in London. 'Well, after all,' she thought, 'he seems to have known best.' Then she thought smilingly of the time when he would be coming to claim the fulfilment of her promise; and she hoped she could induce him to spend part of the year at least at Lochenbreck. The

parting with her father was the only drawback in her fair future; and she hoped this might be partially at least averted. She sometimes thought of her old and trusted friend the editor, and a shadow would come over her countenance for a moment. It passed quickly away, however, for she never thought but that he had long since forgotten her, amid the gaieties of the continent and his literary pursuits; for though far from London, he still held the editorial reins and wrote his usual articles for the *Olympic*.

This pleasant, tranquil state of matters lasted for some weeks. Her lover still corresponded regularly with her; but his letters began to get shorter, and were, perhaps, not quite so profuse and warm in their amatory expressions. Then after a bit they came more irregularly and seldom. Still Nan paid no heed to what another maiden might have taken as indications of their lover's failing allegiance. Hers was a happy, contented disposition, with no morbid desire to conjure up possible future evils. She loved Alfred sincerely, and with all the warmth and fervour of a girl's first love. That he had failings, her strong, keen sense showed her plainly enough; but then he was only a fallible mortal like herself and other people. She was not blind to the vanity he displayed in writing to her about his social triumphs. If there was anything that troubled her, it was the frequent references he made to Mrs Judson. She resented the control which this woman seemed to have acquired over her lover's doings. True, the widow was almost old enough to be his mother, and had been very kind to him; but a man should have a mind of his own, and hold his future in his own hands; if he did consult with any one, it should be with her who was soon to be his wife.

Things went on in this fashion for some time longer, and Nan began to feel a vague, chilling feeling in her heart that all was not as it should be between Alfred and herself. She was scarcely prepared, however, for a letter she received from him one morning after a longer silence than usual. It was dated from a Sir Hew Crayton's shooting-lodge down in Essex. The high-born though impecunious—and, if the truth must be told, rather disreputable—baronet had been a client of the late Mr Judson, and was heavily indebted to his widow. He was a constant attender at her house, and it was there Alfred had formed his acquaintance. Nan smiled when she saw the ostentatious way he dated the blazoned note-paper from Crayton Lodge. Before she finished reading, however, her eyebrows became knit, and an angry frown settled on her whilom smiling visage. The letter commenced by saying that as he felt rather out of sorts with his protracted course of social enjoyments, he had accepted his friend Sir Hew Crayton's kind invitation to spend a few days' pleasant-shooting with him down in Essex. Then he gave a general account of what he had been doing since he last wrote—the dinner-parties, balls, routs, conversaziones, and what not he had been at; the compliments that had been paid him, and the pleasing prophecies of the grand future before him which flattering tongues had whispered in his ears. All this she read with an amused smile. But near the end she came to a paragraph which ran as follows: 'Do

you know, Nan, I have got a splendid chance of making my fortune just now? A young lady with twenty thousand pounds in her own right has fallen in love with me! I was introduced to her at an afternoon tea at Mrs Judson's. Of course, I made myself agreeable enough, but I never thought she would have taken my little civilities so seriously. Yet she did so. Mrs Judson gave me a plain hint to that effect, and I then had to tell her about our engagement, and that such a thing was impossible. She was surprised, and advised me strongly to keep the thing secret, as, if it were known, it would damage my prospects greatly in society, and even in my profession. She has an excellent knowledge of the world, Mrs Judson, and has been very kind to me; her idea is, that we should not think of getting married for two or three years yet. By that time I will be in an assured position, able to marry any one I like, and not care a pin what the world says.'

Nan could scarce believe her eyes. Who was this Mrs Judson who had thrust herself between them? And did the prospective 'not caring a pin what the world said about marrying her,' mean that he was afraid and ashamed to marry her *now*? The very thought brought the hot blood tumultuously to her cheeks. Her impulse was to write breaking off the engagement at once; however, when the first burst of natural indignation was past, her practical good sense asserted itself, and she wrote a short note, requesting him to hasten down to Lochenbreck, as something of the most vital importance to them both had to be at once decided. This she posted, and awaited her lover's arrival—with impatience certainly—but not of a pleasing kind.

When Alfred got the letter, he was a little startled. Justly enough, he attributed it to something he had said in his last epistle to her; and in going over its contents in his mind, he had no difficulty in fixing on the paragraph just quoted as being the cause of offence. 'Poor Nan!' he thought. 'A case of jealousy, I suppose—the twenty-thousand-pounds young lady. How ridiculous of her! Didn't I say the thing was impossible! However, I must run down and see her. A kiss, a caress, and a few soft words, will put her all right. Really, now, I do like Nan; and I'll make things all right for her one of these days. But she must have patience: she forgets what a sacrifice I am making, all for her sake. To marry an innkeeper's daughter! when, I may say, I have the pick and choice of the eligibles of London society, seems like lunacy. Oh, but I'll be true to her, all the same! But she must learn her position; give up any selfish ideas of an early foolish marriage, and learn to wait patiently till it suits my convenience and interest.'

He arrived at Lochenbreck railway station by the morning express. The wagonette was there to meet him, but no Nan. He jumped in; and whirling through the keen frosty air, cracking jokes with the driver the while, he arrived in excellent spirits at the little old-fashioned inn. To Nan's great relief, her father had gone to Castle Douglas market; she hated 'scenes' of any kind and under any circumstances; but she thought she could bear the one before her better, if her father was not present and was never to

hear of it afterwards. After having dined the praises of his prospective son-in-law in his ears for months, how could she now turn round and say she had discovered him to be a vain, conceited, selfish coxcomb? She had little hope of this interview putting matters right between them, and, to be prepared for the worst, had collected all his letters—all the little nicknacks he had given her—and parcelled them up ready to hand to him.

She submitted gravely and coldly to the customary salute with which he greeted her, and led the way to the coffee-room, where breakfast lay ready for him. In the occasional presence of the waiting-girl, private conversation was impossible; so he rattled on in an agreeable manner about his experiences in London, giving brilliant sketches of the varied private and public entertainments in which he had participated. Nan listened with lady-like composure, putting in an occasional word; and when the meal was over they retired to the private parlour. They sat down opposite to each other, and then Anne commenced her invective. She pointed out that he had deliberately chosen literature as a profession, and having gained a slight success, was now idling away his time in London, among a set of people who could do him no good, and who were, she thought, but of very doubtful reputation.

'Wrong there, Nan!' he interrupted. 'I admit I don't quite move in the inner circle. Still the people I know seem to have plenty of money, and are respectable enough; and I find them useful. I meet with journalists among them, and have been able to dispose of a good many of my manuscripts. And you would notice I was staying for a few days with Sir Hew Crayton. Now, you know it does a literary man a deal of good—in public estimation—to be taken notice of by a baronet.'

'I am sorry to hear you talking in that way,' she replied sadly, 'for it shows me your vanity has got the better of your good sense. Do you not see it was entirely through your article appearing in the *Olympic* that you got your rejected manuscripts disposed of? As for your baronet, I don't think you need boast of him. He stayed with us for a month, four years ago, and left without paying his bill. Papa made inquiry about him, and found he made a swindling living by lending his name as director to bogus Limited Companies. Likely he would borrow money from you?'

Alfred was forced to admit that he had obliged him with a loan.

'Now, Alfred,' she continued gravely, 'I have decidedly made up my mind that it would be better for us both that our engagement should come to an end. If you continue in the life you are leading, I have no hope for your future; but even if you were successful, I could never marry you. Doubtless, you would expect me to mix with your new friends; that I could never do—if they are like what you describe them—and certain unhappiness would be the result. It is well for us both I have come to know this in time.'

This was different sort of talk from what he had come to hear. It was tears and entreaties for their immediate union which he had expected.



Still his vanity blinded him to the true import of her words. She had said she never could mix with his new friends; well, it was but proper modesty for her to say that. He would reassure her on that score, and all would be well yet.

'My dear Nan, I think you are talking a little hastily. No doubt you would feel a little awkward among the London ladies at first, but that would soon pass away. And Mrs Judson promised me to chaperon you a bit, and'—

'I wish to hear nothing more, sir, about Mrs Judson,' she answered curtly.

'Well, Nan, she's a good friend of yours. I told her all about our little affair. She said of course it would be a great sacrifice on my part; but she applauded my intention of acting honourably towards you, even although you were only an innkeeper's daughter. Of course, it may be two or three years before I'—

'Stop!' she cried, rising to her feet, her lips quivering and her cheeks as pale as death—'stop, sir! I did not send for you here to insult me. Surely I have spoken plainly enough; but your head is so stuffed with selfish vanity, you cannot comprehend me. Our engagement is at an end. Here are all your letters and presents! You'll return mine when you get to London.—Now, go!'

As she said the last words, she drew herself up to her full height and pointed to the door. The action was perhaps a little theatrical; but when he looked at her white set face and flashing eyes, he saw plainly enough that she was acting no part. He fancied he had never seen her looking so handsome before; and he felt a sinking at his heart at the thought of having by his foolish letters and talk lost for ever this woman.

'You—you—are—angry just now, Nan. Do take time to'—

'Go!' she repeated firmly, her hand still pointing to the door. Her face was marble in its inflexibility; he knew his doom was sealed. Making a poor show of indifferent self-possession, he rose and quitted the room.

When he was fairly gone, Nan broke down entirely. Shutting herself up in her bedroom, she made use of the safety-valve provided by nature for her sex, and had a thoroughly good cry. Next morning, she was calm and self-possessed, although her eyes were red and heavy looking. Her cherished idol had crumbled into dust; and it became her, she thought, as a prudent damsel to sweep away the smallest trace of it from her heart.

#### LONDON CHARITY ORGANISATION SOCIETY.

THE Society for Organising Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicity, or, as it is popularly called, the Charity Organisation Society, has for its object the scientific supervision of charity dispensation, in the deep-rooted conviction that slovenly and indiscriminate almsgiving is a most pernicious bane to society, and calculated to foster rather than diminish indigence. Personal inquiry is the keynote of the Society's mode of operation. Trained, experienced, and apt persons—both honorary and paid—exhaustively investigate all cases of indigence brought under the Society's

notice. In each instance, one important point is established at the outset of the investigation, namely, whether the individual concerned must of necessity—through physical or other disability—habitually depend for sustenance upon the resources of others, or whether he or she possesses the latent means of self-support, which may be brought into action—under the fostering influence of personal guidance in moral and material things—after the temporary condition of poverty has been met by the judicious application of charity. Cases of the former description are relegated to the action of the poor-law—therein lying its true function; cases of the latter kind are taken in hand by the Society. But its action is not that of an individual charitable institution concerned merely with the distribution of its own resources. It acts as an intermediary between those who need charity and those who are anxious to devote money to charitable purposes. Hence, in the discharge of its functions, it places itself in connection both with benevolent individuals and benevolent bodies, seeking to secure the best relief for the different cases of destitution which come under its notice and at the same time to prevent 'overlapping' in charity dispensation. Where, however, it finds that a case of destitution cannot effectively be relieved from other sources, the Society brings its own funds into requisition. As to its function of 'repressing mendicity,' this it discharges by promoting the detection and prosecution of impostors.

And now for a word or two about the mechanism, if we may so call it, of the Society. The organisation consists of a federation of forty district committees—one or more being established in each of the poor-law divisions of London—and of a Central Council, at which every committee is represented. The committees comprise, where it is possible, ministers of religion, guardians of the poor, and representatives of the principal local charities. Their function is to receive, investigate, and deal, according to the general principles of the Society, with all cases of alleged want or distress referred to them; and each is intended to form a common meeting-place—a centre of information and charitable work—for persons in the district desirous of benefiting the poor. The Central Council supervises besides endeavouring to strengthen and consolidate the work of the district committees, taking into consideration, as well, all questions of principle and all matters relating to the general action of the Society. Of course the scene of the Society's main operations is the metropolitan poor-law district; but it is glad to give general assistance, by sending information to agencies outside that area. We may add that the example set by the Society has given birth to many foreign and provincial organisations of identical aims and action.

It may be interesting to glance briefly at the broad method of investigation pursued by the inquiry officers—be they paid or honorary—of the Society. In treating a family, then, the following facts are in the first place arrived at: The ages of the parents; the amount of their earnings at the time of application and previously; the cause of their leaving their last employment; the ages of their children; and whether those children go to school (and if so,



where)—or, if they are employed, what they earn. The previous addresses, with the references of the family, are next learned; and it is ascertained whether they belong to a club or have relatives who ought to assist them. Then inquiry is made as to whether the family have any debts hanging over them; what their rent is; how they are obtaining a living at the time of application; and, finally, how they think they can be thoroughly helped. Subsequently, it is the inquiry officer's duty, among other things, to ascertain for himself the cause of the family's distress, verifying the information they have supplied to him; to search out the best mode of helping; to familiarise himself with the character of the family, and find on whom, if its natural head be weak or incompetent, reliance can be placed to re-establish the family fortunes; and, lastly, to settle what means of future thrift and self-support can be fostered into life.

Did space permit, we should like to give some characteristic examples of instances where the indigent have been raised to a state of independence by the well-advised action of the Society, and tell how the workhouse itself has been made to yield material with which to work so happy a transformation. Some reference, too, would be justified to the numerous special questions in connection with which the Society has seen cause to take action. But we have said enough perhaps to effect our immediate purpose and indicate the nature of the Society and the scope of its operations. A considerable literature has grown around the Charity Organisation Society, and this is accessible to all who visit the central office of the institution, 15 Buckingham Street, Adelphi, London, whither all communications to the Secretary, Mr C. L. Loch, should be addressed.

## THE DENSCHMAN'S HAD.

### A LEGEND OF SHETLAND.

FROM Widwick to Hermaness the cliffs rise steep and high from a deep ocean, so deep that a large ship might float alongside of the crags without danger of scraping her keel. What would be the fate of such a vessel, if she were carried by the might of that sea against that iron wall, I leave you to imagine. The rocks are broken all along their range by fissures and caves, inaccessible from the land, and scarcely approachable from the sea. He is a bold voyager who brings even a boat to thread the 'baas' and 'stacks'—submerged rocks and needle-crags—which guard the way to those haunts of sea-fowl and seals. One of the caves is named the Denschman's Had. I ought to explain that a 'had' means the den of a wild beast, his stronghold; and 'Denschman' is 'Dane.'

In old days, Shetland (or Hialtland) was nothing more than a 'had' of vikinger, those pirates of the North who have so often been confounded with the noble sea-kings of Scandinavia; but while the islands belonged to Norway, their inhabitants were under powerful protection, and suffered little inconvenience from the uses to which the sea-rovers turned the sheltered voes and secluded islets. It was only when Scottish rule came in that the vikinger

of Norway and Denmark turned their weapons against their brother-Norsemen of the Shetland Isles. During the times of the Stuarts, Scotland had enough to do to look after itself, far less to extend protection to an outlying dependency that was more plague than profit. Indeed, the Scottish kings and nobles seem to have regarded Hialtland as fair game, and robbed and oppressed the people after as cruel a method as that of the northern pirates. Between the two, those islands had a hot time of it; and the islanders, once a prosperous community, sank into poverty and hopeless serfdom.

About the time of Mary Stuart, the isle of Unst was harassed by a noted viking whose name and lineage were unknown. He and his daring crew were believed to be Danes, and his swift barque—appropriately named the *Erne*—and his stalwart person were familiar to the affrighted eyes of the islanders. When the Denschman swooped upon the isle, its inhabitants fled to the hills and rocks, leaving their homes as spoil for the lawless rover. What else could they do? The enemy were strong, reckless, brave, well armed and well disciplined. The islanders, groaning and disheartened under the yoke of an alien power, were at the mercy of might, and could neither resist nor make treaty; so the Denschman came and went like the fierce bird of prey whose name his vessel bore, and no man dared oppose him.

One midsummer evening, a westerly squall arose which sent the fishing-boats flying to the shelter of their voes and vicks. Those storms rise and fall with tropical rapidity and violence. Six hours after it was at its height, the wind had fallen to an ordinary fresh breeze, the sky was smiling as before, and only the wrathful surf, rolling white and broken under the influence of a changing tide, remained to tell of the tempest. All the boats had returned in safety, and there should have been rejoicing in Unst; but instead, men frowned and women trembled, for the fishers had brought news that the Denschman was on the coast: his well-known sail had been seen hovering beyond the holms of Gloup; he was coming upon the wings of the westerly wind; he would be on the Westing Bicht ere long. There was no landing-place available—with such a heavy sea—on that side of the island; but the Denschman knew what he was about, doubtless. He would scud to the north, fly round the Flugga skerries and Skau, would lay-to, and bide his time till dusk drew down; then he would alight on the eastern shore, and work his wild will upon the defenceless isle. Such had been his tactics aforetime. The people ran to the high lands of Vaalafiel and Patester to mark the Denschman's course, for where he meant to land, there they must not be.

Soon the *Erne* was descried emerging from a mist of spindrift, and bearing swiftly towards Unst, heading straight for the isle, and not—as the folk had supposed—skirting the coast. Did the vikinger mean to bring their vessel to harbour among those crags, where the sea was in such a turmoil? Was the *Erne* a demon-ship that could dare everything and perform such a feat? On he came right before the wind with

a following tide; but when well in the Westing Bight, some experienced seamen affirmed that there must be something wrong aboard, for the *Erne* did not rise on the waves with its usual buoyancy; he seemed to plunge madly forward, as if in fierce conflict with the ocean he had ruled so long. By-and-by it was seen that the vessel laboured more and more, yet carried full sail, as if on speed depended salvation.

'I would not say but he's sprung a leak, or the like,' said an old udaller among the on-lookers. 'Who but a madman would bring a ship in-shore like yon, if all was taut aboard!'

'That is so,' remarked a seaman. 'Without doubt, he's in straits; and he's going to try to beach on the Aire of Widwick. It's his only chance, and a poor one.'

'Pray the powers he may not make the Aire,' replied the old man; 'and I'm thinking,' he added, 'that the powers will hear us. There is something fatal amiss with that evil one. See yon! He's not obeying his helm; he's just driving with wind and tide. He's in a mighty strait, praise the Lord!'

'If he misses the Aire, he'll go in *shallmillens* [the fragments of eggshell] upon the baas of Flübersgerdie,' said a fisherman, with a grim smile; and all cried out: 'Pray the powers it may be so!'

As if the powers thus invoked were ready to prove their immediate willingness to answer the cry of the oppressed, the wind veered more to the west, and carried the disabled ship against the holm of Widwick, a small islet which lies off the creek, and wards from it the full force of the North Atlantic. If the *Erne* had stranded on the holm, some of his crew might have effected a landing there; but that was not the end of the viking's barque; she reeled back from the holm with a gash in her side that was a death-wound indeed, and drifted onwards once more. Now, would she gain the creek? No! In a few moments the *Erne* was carried past the little harbour, where lay the sole chance of deliverance, and then crashed among the rocks of Flübersgerdie.

'Praise to the powers that are above all!' cried the men of Unst, and even gentle-hearted women rejoiced as the Denschman, barque and crew, disappeared among the breakers.

The people returned to their homes, happy in the thought that the rocks of Fatherland had proved able protectors, and that Unst was for ever rid of its most dreaded foe.

Two days and two nights passed. No trace of the storm was left. A boat put off from Widwick with the intention of saving such portions of the *Erne* as would certainly be drifting among the skerries near Flübersgerdie. The men could tell by the state of the tides and the wind exactly where the wreckage was to be found, and they made for the spot, never doubting that some spoil would be there to reward them. As they approached the submerged reef where the *Erne* finished her career, the skipper, alluding to the dreaded Denschman, said: 'Well did he deserve what he met here! Think our isle would give him foothold!—our isle, that he has harried this ten year and more! No, no!'

Scarcely were the words spoken, when one of

the fishermen called out excitedly: 'Lord be about us, men, what's yon?'—and he pointed to a cave situated in the cliff opposite the reef.

All gazed, and were struck dumb, for, on a ledge within the mouth of the helyer (cave) stood a man—the man! the Denschman, alive, stalwart, terrible as ever, and brandishing his sword, as if defying mortal to molest him.

The boat was instantly backed, and when the islanders had put what they considered a safe distance between themselves and their dreaded foe, the men consulted together. Should they make a bold attack? The Denschman was alone; they were six in number. Surely, they could overpower him, tired and despairing as he must be. Yes. But one, or even two of their number were likely to fall before his sword ere he could be conquered. Who was patriot enough 'to lead such dire attack?' No one of that crew! Then should they leave him to die of exhaustion, as he must ere long? There was no way of escape. The lofty precipice overhung the cave, precluding any scheme of climbing upwards; on either side, the *aiguille* crags rose from a seething depth of sea; in front, a reef of sunken rocks covered with fretful surf, dared the bravest swimmer that ever breasted waves to pass alive.

The Denschman had evidently reached his present refuge by aid of a large plank belonging to the *Erne*, which still floated near the cave. When they had recovered every vestige of the wreck which floated, he could not escape. It was beyond the power of man to leave that cave unaided from without. Help must come from ropes lowered from the land above, or boats brought to the cave. And who was there in Unst would bring rope or boat to aid the Denschman? None!

'Let him die the death!' said the men whose homes the viking had devastated. So they ventured nearer, and removed every floating spar or plank, then returned to Widwick; and it was told in the isle that the Denschman had survived his barque and crew only to meet a more terrible death. No man pitied him; no man dreamt of giving him succour. Those were days when the gentler feelings had little part in men's warfare, and no red cross of healing followed battle ensigns to the field of fight.

Next day, a number of boats put off, that men might feast their eyes on the dead or dying viking; and many saw him. That day, he was seated on the ledge of rock glowering at them; but he made no sign of either submission or defiance. 'He grows weak,' they said, and wondered that even the Denschman's tough and giant frame had so long withstood the exposure and starvation.

A third time the islanders sought the rocks of Flübersgerdie and saw the pirate chief as before. Then they began to fear, and to say that he must be allied to potent powers of evil; for how, otherwise, could he have survived there so long? The interior of the helyer could be seen from a little distance: no food or clothing had been saved from the wreck to be secreted there. The prisoner was always seen sitting on the cold bare ledge where he had been first discovered, and the people were satisfied that the cave held no means of sustenance.

Day by day for a whole fortnight boats were guided to Flübersgerdie, and men gazed in awe, but did not venture to molest the Denschman, who merely returned their stare with haughty glances, and never deigned to bespeak their compassion. Dread of the supernatural added its paralysing effects to the terror which the viking's fame had implanted, and there was not a man found brave enough to attack the Denschman in his 'had.'

Then heaviness fell on the men's spirits, for wives and mothers upbraided them as cowards; their little ones shrieked and hid their faces when it was told that the bugbear of their dreams was making his 'had' in an Unst helyer; and at last, driven by shame and a remnant of manly courage, the islanders determined on attacking their enemy. They would discover if he were immortal; they would prove if the powers of evil were above those of good.

A fleet of boats was got ready, laden with sharp stones, which were to be cast at the foe—a safe mode of onslaught! The islanders armed themselves with staves and axes. Nets were prepared, in whose toils the Denschman should fall if he, by any strange chance, came to close quarters. The oldest udaller in the isle ordered his best boat to be launched and consecrated, to lead the attack. A day was fixed upon. It had been ascertained on the previous evening that the Denschman was still in his 'had,' alive and strong. No one doubted by that time that there he would remain while the island remained, if not ousted by force and the help of holy powers; or if not aided by demons to rise and blight the isle.

'Pray,' said the old udaller to his three fair daughters, who stood to see him embark in the consecrated boat—'pray that I bring the Denschman's dishonoured corpse back with me.'

'We will pray,' said the golden-haired maidens.

But what consternation there was on the Aire of Widwick, a few minutes later, when it was found that the old man's boat—the largest and best in the isle, the skiff that was to have led the attack—had disappeared! She had not sunk into the pellucid water, else she had been easily recovered; she had not floated out to sea, for the tide was running landwards; yet she had gone as completely as if she had owned feet to carry her over earth, or wings to fly through air. To be sure, the boat had both feet and wings of a kind, but these were of use on the ocean alone. And she was gone—oars and sails too! Doubtless, her flight had been on her native element; but some man's hand must have spread her wings or moved her feet. Then who had stolen the udaller's boat? No Hialtlander, be sure! Robbery was never the vice of those islanders; moreover, such a theft could have been brought home to a native easily.

One fisherman, more acute than his neighbours, whispered: 'None but the Denschman has done this;' and with common assent, all echoed: 'The Denschman has done this.'

Boats instantly put off and sped to Flübersgerdie, where confirmation of those suspicions was not wanting. The Denschman was no longer in the cave. He had been there, hale and terrible, on the previous evening; he had vanished that morning, and left no trace behind. 'It must

have been the Evil One himself,' said the folk; and there was gloom in the isle, trembling, and much fear, for all expected that ere long the Denschman would descend upon Unst, and, fired by revenge, deal worse havoc than even that of former days.

But days and weeks went past, and nothing further was known of the Denschman or the udaller's boat, and still the people feared their ancient foe and looked for his return. None doubted that he survived. The man who could live in unabated vigour through a fortnight without food or fire in a dark ocean cave, who could find means of leaving his prison, and could spirit away a large boat—such a one was not likely to have perished on the sea. Yes, without doubt, the Denschman would return to Unst; 'and heaven help us when he comes!' said the islanders.

Then it happened one autumn afternoon that a stranger vessel was seen, on the Westing Bicht, making tacks for the isle. The people had always cause to suspect an unknown sail, and they watched the stranger's approach with some fear. As he drew nearer, it was observed that he closely resembled the *Erne* of old, but carried the white flag of peace. The Norland pirates ever scorned to conceal their true character, which was never a treacherous one, but flaunted their ruthless blood-red colours in the face of day. If a viking hoisted the white banner, he meant peace; and so well was this known, and so thoroughly could all men trust in the good faith of a viking, that the islanders instantly sent off a boat to the vessel, though they suspected it was a pirate ship. The stranger had a boat in tow, and when the islanders came near, he lay-to and allowed them to come alongside of his convoy. What was the fishermen's astonishment to find that the boat was no other than that of the Unst udaller!

Then a stern voice spoke from the ship. 'Come not nearer,' it said, in a patois half-Danish, half-English, which the Hialtlanders could interpret well enough. 'Come not nearer; but undo the tow-line, and take that boat to its owner. It is freighted with goodly gifts for the udaller's three fair daughters, who will know whence those tokens come.—And know, ye hinds of Unst, that ye owe your lives and all that makes life precious to the golden-haired maidens.—Begone!' Then the speaker—easily recognised as the Denschman—made imperious sign to his mariners, who speedily put the vessel on another tack, and before many minutes he was running out to sea again.

The islanders towed the laden boat ashore, where a throng was waiting their return. Numerous questions were asked, numerous conjectures made. The udaller and his daughters were summoned and the precious cargo displayed. Table utensils of silver, personal ornaments of gold, silken stuffs and snowy linens, rich wines and fruits, and precious grain, whatever could please feminine taste, were spread before the wondering people, while the three sisters stood mute and blushing, now cowering with strange shame, anon glancing with curious pride at all around.

Presently, their old father addressed them in

grave and troubled tones : 'Tell us the meaning of this strange *güdic* [riddle].'

At that, the two younger girls fell on their knees and clasped his hands entreatingly, while the eldest sister cried : 'O father, do not be angered, and I will tell ye all. We heard you speak of the Denschman in his sore strait with nobody to pity him. It's true he had dealt cruelly by our isle ; but—but, O father, it lay heavy on our hearts that a man—and such a man, with such a goodly presence and such a bold spirit—should die like an otter trapped in a snare ; and so, we—we went to the rock in the dark hour of night, and we lowered a *keschie* [basket] to him with food and cordials and clothes—everything to keep in life. And then—when we knew that our men meant to stone the poor defenceless captive to death, our souls were melted with pity ; so we took the boat and helped him to escape. *We* were not afraid of the Denschman ; and, truth to tell, he can be kind and gentle like other men. Or ere he left the isle—all in the mirk hour—he promised that, because of what we had done, he would never harry Unst again. No doubt, it was wrong of us, father ; but then, oh, be mindful that the plight he was in could not fail to touch lasses' hearts. And if good instead of harm come of it—nay, *has* come of it—ye need not trouble yourself more, but forgive us, and trust the Denschman to keep his word. He will do so. We all know that a viking stands to his promise, whate'er betide.'

'The lass has spoken words of wisdom,' said a prudent matron, eyeing the viking's royal gifts ; and a laughing seaman added : 'Ay, and what would come of us poor men if lasses were not pitiful, and not just altogether wise at times !'

So the old udaller forgave his daughters, and—as legend says—'after that Unst was often benefited, and never more harried, by the Denschman,' whose 'had' is still pointed out to the inquiring stranger.

#### AN ELECTRICAL FURNACE.

Some of the enormous power which runs waste at the Falls of Niagara is about to be utilised at last, and, strangely enough, the first work required of the water will be the smelting of refractory ores. This new undertaking is to be carried out by the Cowles Electrical Furnace Company, the inventors of the process being Messrs Eugene H. and Alfred H. Cowles. Their experimental works at Cleveland, Ohio, have been so successful, that they were awarded the John Scott premium and the Elliot Cresson medal of the Franklin Institute. While labouring under various disadvantages, the Company was yet able to produce metallic combinations that promise to be of great importance, such as aluminium bronze, aluminium silver, aluminium brass, and silicon bronze in ingots, castings, wire, and rolled metal. Some of these alloys were manufactured into different articles in every-day use. They exhibited screws of aluminium brass ; knives with blades of aluminium silver, and handles of aluminium bronze ; together with a number of other manufactured articles. Aluminium bronze is stronger than steel, is not so liable to rust,

and, being elastic and ductile, if it can be produced at a cheap enough rate, it should have a great future before it. For instance, cycles made of it would be lighter, stronger, and more easily kept clean than those made of steel. This industry alone should create a large demand. Silicon bronze, also, from its electric conductivity, tensile strength, lightness, and non-corrosiveness, will be a desirable substitute for iron and copper in telegraphy ; while aluminium silver—an alloy containing the special bronze with nickel—will be serviceable for cutlery and fancy articles. Pure aluminium, however, has this great disadvantage, that it tarnishes readily, and unless something can be done to remedy the defect, its usefulness will be considerably restricted. At the same time, these alloys bid fair to supplant steel and other metals in the manufacture of light articles where strength and appearance are desirable.

A dynamo larger than any yet constructed is at present being made for the Company at Lockport, New York. As already stated, it will be driven by water, acting on turbines. The contemplated works will, it is estimated, yield about three hundred thousand horse-power, and this only represents a fraction of the power that is running to waste at Niagara.

#### WHO KNOWS ?

I GRANT her fair, ay, passing fair,  
As lovely as a budding rose ;  
But is there soul behind that face,  
A beauty 'neath that outward grace ?  
Who knows—who knows ?

Does light of love beam from those eyes ?—  
The love that in her bosom glows ?  
Or is the light that lingers there  
Delusive, though it shine so fair ?  
Who knows—who knows ?

Does that fair form a fairer charm,  
A tender, loving heart inclose ?  
A heart whose tendrils, like the vine,  
Would round the heart that loved it twine ?  
Who knows—who knows ?

And should life's sky be overcast,  
And gathering clouds around thee close,  
Should fortune frown and false friends flee,  
Would that heart still cling close to thee ?  
Who knows—who knows ?

Or is she, can she ever be,  
As fickle as the wind that blows,  
And veers as if it were at play,  
Trifling with all who own her sway ?  
Who knows—who knows ?

But why a prey to doubt remain ?  
Why halt 'twixt hope and fear !—propose.  
She may be waiting till you dare,  
To crown with love that beauty rare.  
Who knows—who knows ?

JOHN NAPIER.

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